

THE PROLOGUE

TO
PASTOR FIDO.

written by 21st hon
settlr. 1677

Spoken by Mr. Edward Lambert.

Preface and Prologue, are such modish Toys,
Books ar'nt without *this*, nor without *that* Plays.
Welcome, Gallants! and Ladies of the May, }
You shall be courted modishly to day. }
Because without you, there had been no Play.
As to our Play's Original; we'll first
Doright to fan'd Guarini's sacred Dust,
It's learn'd Author. Nor let it be decry'd,
'Cause *All's Italian*, *Nothing's French* it's d.
For, Plays (you know) like Cloaths submit to Mode,
And that, but dull, that keeps the common Road.
We care not for that — for here, Sirs! nought you'l have,
But what is Noble, Sage, Wise, Solid, Grave.
Stern C A T O a Spectator might be here,
And modest Virgins may Unmask appear.
You've Come in it's most ancient dress,
As when of old, Carted through Villages.
Here's then no place, for th' Sparks and th' Blades o'th' Time;
(Valueing themselves upon their Garb, their Crimes)
Who scoff at us poor Bumkins: whose defence
Is our Simplicity, or Innocence.
To please such Fopps (for mortally we hate 'um)
Wee'l ne're attempt.

In short, you've here, the Passions rudely drest
To act their parts, if Fear balks not the rest.
Here's coy Love, flattering Hope, cold Desperation,
Enliv'ning Joys, fawning Dissimulation,
Pleasing Revenge, easy Credulity,
Fondness, Moroseness, Rage, and Cruelty
Charm'd into Pity. — Here are Love's Fatigues
It's Toyls: and Lover's Wit, Councils, Intrigues.
And if *All this* won't take, stop here — for not
(As I'm a Sinner) one word of the Ploz.
For, since 'tis at your choice, to clap or hiss,
Expect the rest: if well, we do in *This* }
Your patience crave: pardon in what's amiss. }

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THE
EPILOGUE
TO
PASTOR FIDO.

Spoken by Sir Walter Ernle Barronet.

G Allants ! the Stage is cl^rd, and I am come,
To hear the Actor's *jud* or fatal doom.
Poor Wretches ! The amus'd with anxious fears
Are fled : *jealous* they've *fled* their Ears,
Tho' to be try'd by YOU *more than* their *Peters*. }
Yet *why* shou'd They a *paial* Tryal fear,
Where YOU, *fair* Ladis ! *influence* the Bar ?
Where full of Pity, as of *tate*, YOU sit,
There needs no IGNO *AMUS* to acquit,
Do like *your selves* ! Steal in the *moroser* guise !
Cramp *snarling Criticks* ! and controul the *wife* !
These *All* strike Sail to YOU — and are *All* blest
Who in *such* Harbour, can *securely* rest.
You'll say the Play's *unmodish* because *old*,
Alas ! you'll *all* be so — *good* Tales are oft *ill* told.
This seems to be *our* *ase*. But (*Ladies* !) then
Most of you know, *uch* *Striplings* are not *Men*.
And tho' your *kindness* call't or *Farce* or *Play*.
In Truth 'tis neither, but a *rude* *Essay*.
Faith ! then be *kind* ! — I do *protest* you'd need
Accept this *first* *time*, the *good* will for th' *deed*.
This Boon I only *beg* : grant *This* and then
We hope to *temp* you *hither* *once* *ag'en*.
Mean time, with *parting* thanks *Clown-like* we *treat* ye }
And in our *Home-bred* Phrase can only say t' ye
After an *ill* *Mea* (*Friends* !) *much* *good* may't do t' ye. }

The End.